

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DEBILITARY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, JULY 18, 1833.

NUMBER 44.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 205 Broadway,

BY PRESCOTT, SWINBORNE & Co.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. For D. H. who sent out of the United States. No subscription received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods and on payment of the sum. Money may be sent at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, date of forwarding, &c. entered on the memorandum book.

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MISCELLANY.

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distance till the Beacon-fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea-far'd had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion),
And I thought that the Beacon look'd lovely as Hope,
The star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on Eternity's ocean!

For the Constellation.

JAMES.

[Translated from the French.]

His master said to him:—"James you are an excellent workman, I am quite satisfied with your conduct; during the ten years you have been employed in my factory, you have gained every one's esteem and friendship; but you see how it is, we have nothing more to do; business is at an end: you must keep up courage, my poor James; as soon as any thing offers, I will let you know; till then I shall have no occasion for your services."

The workman heard these words; his eyes were mournfully fixed upon the ground; he stretched forth his hand to receive the amount of last week's wages, and a certificate of character.

Unable to utter a single word he slowly took the road homewards; big tears dropped from his eyes, and sobbingly he exclaimed: "My wife, my poor children!"—for James was the father of a family; his son was six years old, his daughter could hardly walk, and the youngest was still at the breast.

He entered; his wife and children ran to embrace him. James folded them in his arms; but from his thoughtful and desponding looks, it was evident to his wife, that some secret uneasiness was preying upon him. "What is the matter, husband?" asked she, "has any thing happened to you?" "No more work!" exclaimed he, trembling upon his chair. "No more work!" repeated the poor mother in a voice of agony. "No more work!" echoed little Francis in his turn; and the three looked at each other with an air of stupefaction.

James wept no longer; it was his duty to give them an example of resignation, but the burning tears of the anxious mother fell upon the little hands of the infant she held in her arms, and which smilingly caressed her. "Don't despair, James! to-morrow, you must try and find something to do; God never deserts large families." "Oh yes! wife I will do so. Here are my eighteen francs for the week, make them last as long as possible." Francis was soon despatched with ten francs to pay the baker; it was the amount of a whole week's consumption, and the credit of the poor is limited.

Next day James left home very early. All his efforts to get employment were useless; in vain he de-

scribed the distresses of his family, and exhibited his certificate: the greater part of the factories were idle. He returned, and his wife asked him no question: the dejection of his countenance sufficiently attested his want of success.

A week passed in this manner, and each evening James came home more wretched than the preceding; the intense coldness of the winter still increased the sufferings of his family. The children were kept in bed, for James had no more wood: the poor little creatures had had no supper: it was Saturday night and the baker had refused any more bread on credit. Already the mother deprived as she was of food, could afford her babe but little nourishment, and the innocent's restlessness betrayed its hunger.

Meantime the two children awoke, and crying, asked for bread; at this sight James became the image of despair; he hurriedly paced the chamber to and fro, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand; a cold sweat covered his body: he suddenly sat down cold and motionless as a marble statue. "You look at me, and yet you appear not to see me! James my dear what ails you?" "Nothing! nothing! wife they weep—they are famished—they shall have bread."

So saying he rushed out of the room, and disappeared. His wife uttered a piercing scream:—"James!—James! where are you going?" But James did not hear her, the slamming of the alley-door announced to her, that her husband was already in the street. "Poor wife! unhappy mother! your presentiment is just: the thought of crime has entered his paternal heart!"

It was eleven: from the severity of the weather, the obscure street in which he lived was almost deserted. The first person James met was a workman, returning from his day's labor, singing merrily. "Ah!" said he to himself, "he is happy, he has work, or at least he has no children starving with hunger: pass on! pass on! comrade, you have nothing to fear from me."

He again heard the busy footsteps of some one approaching; it was a young man, wrapped up in a large cloak, the scarlet lining of which was conspicuous from afar. James rushed upon him, and seizing him by the arm: "Your purse!" cried he with a terrible voice, "your purse!" "My friend," said the young man, startled at his sudden appearance, "You are following but a wretched business, but I will satisfy you: here's my purse." "How much is there in it?" "Three louis I believe, and two pieces of five francs."

James took out of the purse the two five franc pieces, and gave the rest back to its owner. "Sir," said he in a milder tone, "I only want ten francs;" and left him.

The astonished young man followed the robber with his eyes and saw him hurry into a neighboring baker's; he soon came out with a loaf under his arm, and disappeared in the darkness. He readily conjectured that necessity alone had driven this man to the commission of crime, and he himself entered the shop. "Who is the person that just bought a loaf here?" enquired he. "Ah! sir," answered the baker's wife, "he is a poor mechanic, burdened with a family; he lives in the house yonder; in the fifth story when you see light in the windows. He owed me ten francs, which he has just paid me; they are very honest folks, but we can't afford long credit to the poor." "Right! madam," answered the stranger; "here are ten francs more; furnish them with bread till that sum is exhausted; I will see you again."

James went home; he dashed the bread on the table. "There, wife! let the children eat, and eat yourself; as for me, I have no appetite—they will not want for bread this week; I have made an arrangement with the baker!"—and he went to bed. His slumbers were broken and uneasy, and his wife heard him mutter the words "Robber! highway robber!"

Daylight appeared; James did not go out; he seated himself in the window to breathe freely. It was already ten; but his wife had not dared to say a word to him, so gloomy and dejected did he appear. From the window where he sat motionless, he perceived two men—one of them wore a cloak with scarlet lining! He mechanically drew back into the room

and ran towards the stair-case. The two strangers were already coming up—his self possession left him, despair was imprinted on his features, his complexion assumed the lividness of death; he folded his wife and three children in his embrace, passed into a closet adjoining the room, and closed the door after him.

Meantime some one knocked, and James's wife saw two strangers enter. "Madam," said one of them, "you are poor, and I have brought you some assistance." "Ah! sir, heaven has sent you! Oh! yes, yes, we are indeed poor!"—James! James! come here; I told you so; God never deserts large families!" But James answered not. His wife rushed into the closet—nobody was there!

At the same instant frightful cries resounded in the street; a large crowd assembled around the door—they raised a man who had just thrown himself from the fifth story—it was the mangled and lifeless body of James!

ANGER OF DINNERS.—We find in an English publication the annexed account of the fashionable mode of arranging certain delicate points, which generally, at one time or other, cause some embarrassment, to most persons, and some instruction respecting which will therefore be well received.

"The youth is accustomed to trade, and sees no reason why he should not drive a good bargain in a wife, as well as in other affairs. Mother as well as daughter is resolved that so respectable a suitor, who is well to do in the world, shall not slip away from them if they can help it. The female has not the privilege of 'making offers,' and therefore thinks it her duty to accept, if she possibly can, the first which comes, lest she should not get another. But it so happens that the process of courtship affords no means of enabling the parties to acquire a knowledge of each other's character. Some one once replied on being asked the character of a woman, 'that he had not been married to her.' He was right, and so must the matter continue under present regulation. The lover makes his visits at stated intervals, perhaps every evening or less frequently, and if bad tempered can stay away. He approaches not except in smiles, and in his most engaging garments; he can put what cheat he pleases upon the lady, he may court two at once, but the lady, having less freedom, is obliged to have recourse to more art. Be she well or ill, cheerful or ill-tempered, she must submit to be courted whenever the lover chooses to make his appearance, and she dresses her countenance in smiles accordingly. * * * There the lover sits, while the lady tuts or knits, and discourses on such things as Providence has forced on his knowledge, till mamma escapes for ten minutes to give orders for some 'company' supper; and then the lovers do their tenderness till she returns. The principle of giving dinners and suppers as a matter of mercantile marriage business has become so common in more classes than one, that a man of refinement would almost starve rather than partake of the food of above one person in a hundred—family men or women. 'Sir,' said a blunt old man, 'when do you mean to propose for my daughter? You have now dined at my house fifty times within the last eighteen months, and it is time you decided on something.' The gentleman who was a 'diner out' by profession, made his bow and retired."

CATIFICATION OF SQUIRRELS.—A gentleman from Medway in this state, has given us the following curious case of domestication. A sportsman in that vicinity not long since took possession of a squirrel's nest, in which he found two of the little animals apparently but a day or two old. He carried them home, and put them under the tuition of Grimalkin, who luckily happened to have a brood of kittens of nearly the same age and size, two of which he ruthlessly, and without the least regard to principle, abducted for the purpose of making room for the bush-tailed and long-whiskered interlopers. The cat nursed them all the more with an indiscriminate parental affection; and the squirrels are at this time, about a month old, as much at home with both the old cat and the rest of the family, as the kittens themselves. The whole troop of the unmannerly little rascals (as our friend says) may be seen in the house together in all weathers, heads up and tails flying, for all the world like a smart corps of dragons.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

A dry Dock.—There were at a rough guess, three or four thousand persons assembled to look at the "big canoe" after she was safely moored in her "granite basin;" and to have noted the remarks and exclamations that were uttered by them on the occasion, would have been no small job,—for almost every one had something to say.

"Why look here Jim," said a little fellow with a scientific phiz, to his chum, a six-footer, with a declaration of war against Temperance Societies painted in the midst of his face,— "Why look here, Jim, isn't it wrong to call this here a *dry* Dock, when you see it is so full of water that this great ship swims in it?" "Well," said Jim, "I don't know but it is. However, if instead of salt water it was filled with good *Mint Julap*, and plenty of ice in it, I should say, bearing in mind the great crowd of people I see hereabouts, that it would not take long to make a *dry* Dock of it in good earnest, that is to say if they were all as thirsty as I am.—*Norfolk Herald.*

CONSEQUENCES OF BOASTING.—A boarder at a public house in *Ramapo*, Rockland county, who, boasting of his wealth, and exhibited to the landlord a large parcel which he said contained seven thousand dollars in bank notes, was placed by his boasting last week, in no very enviable situation. The landlord, it appears, took up an opinion that his boarder really possessed the money he pretended, and that he was the same individual who had committed an extensive robbery in Boston a few weeks previously, as his person seemed to answer the description detailed in an advertisement which had been circulated of the lost. He of course, addressed a letter in great haste to one of the police officers in this city, communicating his suspicions, who proceeded on the following day to the scene of action, where every thing was managed *a la police* to secure the villain and recover the stolen money. After these preliminaries were completed the person suspected was arrested, when he, it turned out that his wealth was all a matter of boasting, the better to impress his landlord and guests with an opinion of his gentility and importance. The large seven thousand dollar parcel which had engrossed so much attention and was the principal cause of the landlord's suspicion, was stripped of its red tape, and found to contain exclusive of waste paper, of which there was a goodly quantity, twenty-two dollars in one dollar bills.

From sundry letters in his possession as also from his own admission, he turned out to be a runaway from the western part of this state, where he stood charged with a forgery which his friends were endeavoring to adjust. Overwhelmed by this exposure of his true character and emptiness of his pretension to wealth, the gentleman availed himself of the earliest opportunity on the following morning to make off.—*Courier & Enq.*

YANKEE SALUTATION AND REPLY.—In a neighboring town in our county of Essex, where the parish parson is revered as a "right down steady man," the following salutation and reply is quite common. "Good morning, neighbor A—, how d'ye do to-day?" "Why, I'm pretty much after the old sort—'tween three and one—how's your woman this morning?" "Well she's pretty much what for her considerin—how's yours?" "She's to be crawling, I thank you—good morning."—*Salem Observer.*

GRATUITOUS SERVICES: A new definition.—By "gratuitous services" we have hitherto been accustomed to understand services performed without fee or reward of any kind. But from certain circumstances which have recently transpired, it appears that this expression is susceptible of another meaning, and that by "gratuitous services," we are to understand "services performed for a gratuity."

AN EDITOR'S BACON.—We find the following painful announcement in the *Meadville* (Crawford county) Messenger:—

"Look to your Smoke Houses.—Our brother of the *Courier* had stolen from his smoke house the night before last, a very fine ham. He that would steal from a printer must expect soon to have the devil at his heels. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. Mc."

Notwithstanding the labor, physical and mental, of a poor devil of an editor—notwithstanding his storing from a little of a little, it would seem as if, after all he could not "save his bacon."—*U. S. Gaz.*

LOVE LABOR'S LOST.—A serenading party the other night, after having played before a house for nearly an hour, were politely informed by a courteous watchman that—"nobody lived there."—*Amer. Sen.*

HOW TO DESTROY CANKER WORMS.—Catch the little rascals before they commence their depredations, and crush their heads between two stones.—*Lowell Jour.*

THE BONDMAN.

This spirited scene is from a tale so denominated in Mr. Ritchie's "Library of Romance." The hero, reduced to slavery and stung by oppression, seeks revenge. His own wife and that of his oppressor become mothers about the same time, he thus finds the opportunity for the acts here related. He had just heard the dependents of the Baron rejoicing at the birth of an heir.

Holgrave raised himself erect as the men departed. Wild thoughts, such as he had never known before, rushed through his heart. It is dangerous to snatch from any man, even the lowest of the species, that which he values above every other thing. Be the thing what it may—be it grand or mean, base or beautiful, still the soul has clung to it, and treasured it up, has worshipped before it; and none but the bereaved can comprehend the desolation which the bereavement causes. Holgrave's idol was his freedom; it was the thing he had prized above all things else; it was the thing he had been taught to revere, even as the religion he professed. It must, therefore, have had a strong hold upon his feelings; it must have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; and this it is necessary to understand before a perfect idea can be formed of the hatred which he now felt towards the man who had wrested from him his treasure. It is true he might have rejected his terms, at the sacrifice of a thing of less value—his life; but there was then love and hope to contend against him—the hope of a man and a father. But he had now no longer hope; it had fled with the spirit of his little babe; its last faint breath had dissipated all the illusions of a far off happiness; and he now looked forward to a life of degradation, and a death of dishonour. 'Can it be,' said Holgrave, as he looked before him at the castle, which the tapers revealed—'Can it be, that the lord of this castle and I are the sons of the same heavenly Father? Can the same God have created us?—and is his child to live and grow to manhood, that he may trample on his fellow-men, as his father has trampled on me? Is this to go on from generation to generation, and the sons to become even worse than the fathers?—No!' said he, pausing; 'I have no child—Margaret must forgive me—I have only a worthless life to forfeit.' He paused again. 'I will attempt it!' he said, vehemently; 'he can but hang me; and if I succeed, the noble blood they think so much of may yet—' Holgrave suffered the sentence to remain unfinished, and he rushed towards the castle. There was a wicket in the northern gate, the common outlet for the domestics, which, as Holgrave had anticipated, the servitor had not closed after him. He entered, and stood within the courtyard; he heard the sound of voices and the tread of feet, but no human being was near. He paused an instant to consider, and then with the swiftness of a deer, he sprang towards the stables, and entered the one appropriated to the select stud of the baron. A lamp was burning, but the men who attended on the horses were now away, quaffing ale to the long life of the heir. The baroness's favourite palfrey was lying in a stall; he stepped across the animal, and, after pressing his hands on various parts of the wall, a concealed door flew open, and a dark aperture was before him. He stooped and passed through, and ascended a long winding flight of steps, till a door impeded his progress; he opened it, and stood in a closet hung round with dresses and mantles, and displaying all the graceful trifles of a lady's wardrobe. There was a door opposite the one at which he had entered, which led into the baroness's chamber, where there were lighted candles, and a blazing fire on the hearth. The floor was thickly strewn with rushes, and he could just perceive the high back of a chair, with the arms of the family wrought in the centre; he paused and listened; he heard the faint cry of a babe, and discovered by the language of the nurse, that she was feeding it; then there was the hush-a-by, and the rocking motion of the attendant. In a few minutes, the sound of a foot on the rushes, and 'the lovely babe would sleep,' now announced to Holgrave that the child was deposited with its mother. Then he heard the curtains of the bed drawn, and the nurse whisper some one to retire, as her ladyship was inclined to sleep; there was another step across the rushes, and a door was softly closed, and then for a few minutes an unbroken silence, which the nurse at length interrupted by muttering something about 'whether the good father had come yet.' Again there was a tread across the rushes, and the door again was gently closed; and Holgrave, after a moment of intense listening, stepped from the closet, and entered the chamber. In an elevated alcove stood the bed of the baroness; the rich crimson hangings festooned with gold cord, the drapery tastefully fringed with gold, even to the summit, which was surmounted by a splendid coronet. Holgrave, unaccustomed to magnificence, was for a moment awed by the splendid furniture of the apartment; but it was only for a moment, and then the native strength of his soul spurned the gaudy trappings. He stepped lightly across the spacious chamber; he unlocked the rich curtains;—the heir of De Boteler was reposing in a deep slumber on a downy pillow; beyond him lay the exhausted mother, her eyes closed, and the noble contour of her face presenting the repose of death.—For an instant, Holgrave paused; remorse for the deed that he was about to do sent a sudden glow across his care-worn face—but had not the baron destroyed his offspring? whispered the tempting spirit. He raised the babe from the pillows without disturbing its slumber; he drew the curtains, and he reached the stable in safety, closed the secret door, and arrived at the postern, which was still unfastened, passed through and gained his own door without impediment. 'Mar-

garet,' said Holgrave, as he entered, 'put away that babe, whom your tears cannot restore to life. Here is one that will be wept for as much as yours. Do you hear me, Margaret? lay your babe under the coverlid, and take this one and strip it quickly, and clothe it in the dress of your own infant.' 'Stephen, what child is this?' her astonishment for a moment overcoming her grief. 'The saints preserve us! look at its dress! that mantle is as rich as the high priest's vestment on a festival. Oh! Stephen.' 'Silence!' interrupted Holgrave, sternly; 'take the babe and strip it, and attend to it as a mother should attend to her own infant; and, mark, it is your own! your child did not die! As you value my life, remember this.' There was a sternness in his tone that entirely awed Margaret. She continued to weep, but she took the strange infant, and did as her husband desired her. The changing of its apparel made the little infant cry, but the change was soon effected, and then Margaret put it to her breast and hushed its cries. While this was doing, Holgrave had taken a spade and commenced digging up the earthen floor. The sight agonized the wretched Margaret, and when the task was finished, and he approached the bed to consign the little corpse to its kindred earth, it was long ere even his stern remonstrance could prevail on the mother to relinquish her child. She kissed its white cheek and strained it to her convulsed bosom; and Holgrave had to struggle violently with his own feelings, that he too might not betray a similar emotion. But fortitude overcame the yearnings of a father; he forcibly took the babe from its mother's arms and laid it in the cavity he had prepared; and then, as the glittering mantle of the stolen child caught his eyes, he took a small iron box, in which Margaret kept the silks and the needles she had formerly used in her embroidery, and scattering the contents upon the ground, he forced in, in their stead, the different articles the little stranger had worn, and fastening down the lid, laid it beside his child; and then, as swiftly as apprehension could urge, filled up the grave, and trod down the earth to give it the appearance it had worn previous to the interment. A chest was then placed over it, and it seemed to defy the scrutiny of man to detect the deed. Holgrave's heart might have been wrung at thus interring his own child, but his face betrayed no such feeling; it wore only the same stern expression it had worn since the day of his bondage, and it was only in Margaret's swollen eyes and heaving breast that a stranger could have surmised that aught of such agonizing interest had occurred. The bondman then threw another faggot upon the hearth, and, in the same stern voice of a master, bidding his wife tend upon the babe as if it were her own, without a kind look or word, he ascended the ladder, and threw himself upon a few dried rushes in the loft above; where he lay brooding in sullen wretchedness over the wild and daring deed he had committed.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

A TALE OF TWEEDDALE.

This story we copy, with some abridgement, from Chambers' Ed. Journal.

'Amidst the hills of that district of Scotland called Tweeddale, there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day, without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, who lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise from your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfool, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the sky-lark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupants of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the school-master of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride.—When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is

now a ruin, but which was then by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as, passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy, within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on vander little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe, but it was William's care to guard his wife and his child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of Spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of these Sabbaths, they 'took sweet counsel,' and walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it was a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again.

On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life, than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect terrors till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

The weather, as I have said, was fine at the time of his departure, but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to muster, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearth stone,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and to look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the foot-path toward his home. She was however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first, the heart sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there was in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear, 'Oh Helen, Helen, I perish.' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, would not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice

gave way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again did Helen try in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gorged together, though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized Helen any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was, to seek for aid more efficient than her own. Meantime, William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, she ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, she took a sheep crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, she hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given to her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, surmounting the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now again began to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length gave over crying, and, fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to seize her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onward which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she been alone concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child, prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overcast frame, when, on looking up, just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed now again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all the necessary implements, for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation.—Helen's infant, which had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery; she however delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife, (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, in spite of all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive, of which no hope could have been entertained, but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way the wind set, might, in a great measure, have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure, while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horses could not travel, first reached the spot where, said to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had, however, succeeded in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon a bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily

exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned, but the mind became an utter ruin. She was removed as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection, for she talked of her husband as still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes, and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate, till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great, that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house, I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place, and had no sooner looked upon her than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her, for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt.—But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and to comfort those who were still in the vale of tears.—When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

EDMUND KEAN.

The decease of this celebrated Tragedian is announced. We prepare, from an article of much length contained in one of the recent English Journals, the following sketch of his professional career.

KEAN is dead !—

No fades, no languishes, grows dim, and dies. All that this world is proud of!

This is not the moment at which it could be expected that we should either write a dispassionate criticism, or attempt a quiet biographical memoir of this extraordinary man. We are too near to the loss of a mighty artist of passion and power to be able to tame ourselves for the one, or to be patient over the other.

Kean was born, we believe, on the 4th of November, 1787; and, nearly as soon as he could walk, he appeared as a boy-actor on the stage, and went through all the difficulties and dangers of a young player's life. At Drury Lane Theatre, when Kemble was in the height of his glory, the obscure child, the unknown heir-apparent to the tragic throne, was used in processions, &c. Subsequently, at the Haymarket, he delivered messages, and performed in small parts, with no advantage to himself, the company, or the audience; and he was remarkable for the silence and shyness with which he took his seat in the green-room,—his eye alone "discussing most eloquent music." Through various country theatres he passed with varied success, until he joined the Exeter company. Here he attracted the admiration of Dr. Drury—a gentleman of taste and influence; and through his interference, Mr. Arnold, on the part of the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, went to Dorchester, for the express purpose of seeing Kean act. The result of the interview was an engagement, and, in January, 1814, he appeared on the boards of Drury. Of all his provincial audiences, we believe that the good people of Exeter were most alive to his transcendent merits, whilst yet they were not *Hall-marked* by the metropolis; and the inhabitants of Guernsey have singularly distinguished themselves by disrelishing his acting, and literally driving him from their stage.

Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane, on the 26th of January, 1814, in *Shylock*, in the disastrous—we were almost about to say, the most disastrous days of Drury—we shall not easily forget! The house was empty of nearly all but critics, and those who came in with oranges or orders; and the listlessness of the small spiritless audience, at the first night of a new *Shylock*, was the "languor which is not repose." There came on a small man, with an Italian face and fatal eye, which struck all. Attention soon ripened into enthusiasm; and never, perhaps, did Kean play with such startling effect as on this night to the surprised few! His voice was harsh, his style new, his action abrupt and angular; but there was the decision,—the inspiration of genius, in the look, the tone,

the bearing,—the hard unbending Jew was before us in the full vigour of his malignity—the injuries upon him and upon his tribe saddened in his eyes, but through them you could trace the dark spirit of revenge, glaring in fearful, imperishable fury. That night was the starting post on the great course upon which he was destined to run his splendid race!

The second, and, perhaps, on the whole, the most perfect of his performances, was *Richard the Third*. *Richard*, as drawn by Shakspeare, is bold, bloody, and subtle—ambitious, daring and deceitful—amorous and heartless—a courtier—a soldier—a king! All the varieties of the character were played upon by the actor, as though they were so many keys of an instrument, and each difficult passage was mastered with a hand which only genius could stretch forth. The scene in which the murderer of Edward woos Edward's widow, in the very progress of the funeral,—a scene generally conceived to be forced and out of nature,—was rendered, as it is, natural and eminently beautiful, by the most enchanting acting that ever was witnessed on the stage. As Kean leaned against the pillar, there was an easy air of confidence that gave assurance of success; and the woman, like a fluttered bird, could not escape the fascination.—Again, the beautiful description of the night before the battle, was delivered in a manner which touched description into pathos. The death was desperate and magnificent. It was well said at the time, that "he fought like one drunk with wounds; and the attitude in which he stands, with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power!" It has often struck us, that some of the fine passages of Kean's acting suggested as fine passages in Byron's poetry. In *Richard*, the way in which he lingered at the entrance of his tent, drawing plans on the ground with the point of his sword, in the abstraction of his mind, would seem to have originated the lines in the ode to Napoleon Bonaparte:—

Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That earth is now as free.

The ode was written on the 10th of April, 1814, and Kean had first appeared in *Richard* in the February previous. The actor was, therefore, in all his *Richard* glory at this moment.

The *Hamlet* of Kean was, to our minds, all, or nearly all, that it should be,—meditative, natural, and sweetly forlorn,—it quite took the heart captive. We have seen John Kemble, Young, and others, in the character; but they were formally scholastic or coldly dignified, and impressive only. Kean looked the young and melancholy Prince, wandering in the desolation of his own thought and wrecked passion. In him, you saw that slight words, which stirred not those around—to him "whispered the o'erfraught heart, and bade it break!" He abandoned himself to the indolent sadness of the scene, and was more Shakspearian in his spirit than any other actor we have ever witnessed. The interviews with *Ophelia* were exquisitely touching; and the strange one, in which he burst into a raving rhapsody, was softened down by an evident suppression of feeling; and was finally touched with the most delicate tenderness, by his slowly returning after an abrupt departure, and, after gazing with inexpressible love and sadness at *Ophelia*, gently pressing her hand to his lips.

Of the *Othello* of Kean, it is almost idle to speak, as the triumph of that great tragedian over the majestic horrors and gloomy dangers of the character is fresh in the memories of all lovers of the drama. He had lost out of the cabinet of his memory, his *Iago*, his *Hamlet*, and other of his matchless personations, for some few years past. His *Richard* had become latterly something of a mechanical performance, and his *Shylock* had somewhat faded in its fervency. In *Othello*, however, and particularly in the third act of that inimitable tragedy, the passion would not let him tame, and his spirit glared out in all its unquenchable and vivid fire. Those who have heard his "Farewell,"—and which of us has not?—can turn to their hearts and feel it now—for it was uttered in that forlorn tone, which, once heard, can never be forgotten! It was the voice of consolation broken with utter bitterness. Such tones might be imagined to come forth, overloaded with despair, from that dread gaze, above which stands the awful announcement of "All ye abandon hope,—who enter here!" What convulsive energy hurried him into the gloomy gulphs of jealousy and passion! How did he yearn to be incredulous and confiding!—how did he struggle with a Laocoon's phrenzy in the coils of his serpent suspicions! With Kean has perished the only perfect piece of passionate acting that we ever beheld!

The *Jago* of this great actor was an elaborate and brilliant performance; but it was too studied in its cunning and blackness. The fine Italian face of Kean, however, was here seen to great effect, and was

* Lord Byron did not understand the character of *Hamlet*, and his love of the fiery and vehement, led him into a misinterpretation of the character of *Richard*. In his Journal, Lord Byron writes:—"Saturday, Feb. 19. Just returned from seeing Kean in *Richard*. By Jove, he is a Soul-Life—Nature—truth without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's *Hamlet* is perfect; *Hamlet* is not nature. *Richard* is a man, and Kean is a *Richard*."

† The last character he attempted to play was *Othello*. Under great suffering and exhaustion, he struggled on to this beautiful and affecting apostrophe:—and when he concluded the utterance of the words—"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"—he sank back, overcome with the weight of prophetic truth upon a broken constitution, and never appeared more on the stage!

an intellectual study for a painter. The eye looked "quite through the deeds of men," and spake acute malignity, as though it were capable of distinct utterance. The expression of the face was perhaps too cynical and saturnine, but it was deeply charged with meaning.

In *Romeo*, and in *Macbeth*, Kean was grand only in parts, and by fits and starts. In the murder scene of *Macbeth*, and in the banishment scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, he rose into the full energy and grandeur of his genius—but generally, he was hurried, uneasy, and unequal.

We cannot, in this brief paper, minutely recur to his various representations of other characters in Shakspeare. In *Lear* there were passages of singular force—in *Richard the Second* he was, at times, deeply affecting—but nothing came up to his *Othello*, *Richard the Third*, and *Shylock*.

In *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's vigorous play of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' Kean was incomparably original and grand. The daring vices of this man-devil were grappled by the actor with a giant's gripe, and he went through the turbulent passion of the part, as though there were a fiend in him. His walk round his daughter—she dressed up in silk and jewels to receive the *Lord Lovel*,—with his searching look at her beauty, was dangerously sensual, yet inimitably fine! His death, like all his deaths on the stage, was striking and true to nature. We remember it was said at the time, that his dying scene in 'Richard the Second' was suggested by an actual death which he had witnessed in a near relative.

Kean has performed on the London boards, amongst others which we do not now remember, or have already referred to, the following varied parts:—*Jaffier*, *The Merchant of Bruges*, *Sforza* in 'The Duke of Milan,' *Zanga*, *Abel Drugger*, *Bertram*, *Carolanus*, *Brutus*, *Leon*, *Don Felix* in 'The Wonder,' *Duke Aranza*, the *Stranger*, *Penruddock*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Tom Tug*, *Holopur*, &c. As to some of these John Kemble had "marked them for his own," but Kean never failed to hit out some striking originality; and where he had to contend with an established style, as in *Penruddock* and *Carolanus*, he fought in his own determined and furious manner, and oftentimes baffled his opponents. Genius may have to ride "on one horse," but it will not "ride behind."

No one as an actor ever had the ball so completely at his foot as Kean had; nay, the ball at his foot waited not for the impelling touch—like the fairy clue which ran before the steps of Fortunatus, leading him to happiness and fame,—it speeded before him; but the inveterate whims of genius lured him into every bye-path of passion and pleasure, and hurried him on,—

— "from flower to flower,
A wearied chase—a wasted hour!"

Frank in his nature—impetuous in his soul, he knew no calmness of object or enjoyment: "aut Caesar aut Nullus" was his motto—He must either fly or burrow! and he never disguised his vices or his virtues. With the genius to have been more than a Garrick in his art, he had the follies and passions at times to reduce him almost beneath a Cooke in his habits. He could at Drury Lane electrify a Byron, and chill the blood at his heart with the fearful energies of his wondrous genius; and, quitting the peers, he could on the same evening delight the spirits of the lower house with his brilliant, dashing gaieties and acted songs. Those who have seen his third act of *Othello*, must ever tremble in their memories; and those who have heard him recite 'Black Ey'd Susan' to the pathos of his own music, will seldom still; such passion and such pathos are not easily borne at the moment, or remembered afterwards.

Of "his faults and his follies," in private life, too much was pressed against him on one or two occasions where they were forced into light. * * *

Kean was a man all of impulse. It is told of him, that on returning home after the first night of his *Sir Giles Overreach*, his wife, in her delight at his success, inquired how Lord Essex (then an active patron of the actor) was pleased. In the fervour of joy at the reception which the tumultuous and excited audience had given him, he broke out with "— Lord Essex!—the pit rose at me!" It was this glorious energy—this violent impulse,—which now hurried him to the topmost wave of public opinion,—and now sunk him to its hollows,—which carried him into the heart of Shakspeare's mysteries,—which broke open the depositories,—ransacked "the iron chest," wherein Tragedy stored her wealth; but which also at a comparatively mid-day age, consumed life! Passion and imagination fought their fight within him, and his destruction was the result.

The fiery soul, that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay!

Generosity was prodigality in Kean. That he had estimable and endearing qualities as a man, may be gathered from the sincere friendship which he won from his associates. Friends with Kean were often—devotees.

The death of this surprising actor took place at Richmond, on Wednesday last, at half past nine in the morning. It was tranquil,—as Death generally is, after a stormy and living life!

It is said, that application will be made to the proper authorities for permission to inter the remains of Kean in Westminster Abbey, near to those of Garrick.

THE CLASSICAL DRUMMER.—The Scotsman contains the following notice of the Town Drummer of Dundee:—This worthy personage paid the debt of

nature a short time ago, and his library has been brought over to Edinburgh for sale. We have seen a catalogue of his books, which would do honour to a bibliomaniac of the second or third magnitude.—There are upwards of—what do you think?—1,500 volumes, and these are not made up of Tom Thumbs, Blue Beards, or Little Glass Slippers; but of the most classical, scientific, and valuable tones in the living and dead languages. There was a great number in Latin, and not a few in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Syriac, &c. Nor were these books selected for show alone, as many are; for Daniel M'Cormick was a man of much reading, and an excellent linguist withal, as the following anecdote will attest. A vacancy having occurred in the Greek professorship in St. Andrew's, a candidate applied to the provost of Dundee, soliciting his interest at the forthcoming election. The Provost, honest man, told the applicant he was unfit to judge of his qualifications, not being much skilled in the Greek language, but that he would cause the town drummer to examine him; it found qualified, he should then have the Provost's support. A messenger was accordingly despatched for Daniel, who catechised the candidate in presence of the magistrate, and found his knowledge such, that he pronounced him incompetent to teach the Hellenic language and letters! Daniel, like most learned men, was a pluralist, for, besides his principal office of town drummer, he was also town crier, which situation he frequently made a safety valve to his superabundant humour and wit, to the great amusement of the citizens. The local prints have not made us sufficiently acquainted with this singular man's history, to know how a scholar of his status held so low a place in the scale of civic honours. Perhaps, like Cincinnatus, he died nobly poor upon principle. At all events, he has done some honour to his country, and when foreigners write the history of Scotland, it will give their countrymen some idea of our national industry and love of learning, when told that the very town drummers of Caledonia possess libraries of 1500 volumes, and are skilled in the languages of the East. Peace to thy shade, Daniel M'Cormick! The sale of Lord Eldin's pictures did not draw together larger assemblages than shall attend the sale of thy books in Carfrae's.

AFRICAN SHARKS.

In the annexed extract from the Journal of an officer engaged in the surveying service on the Western coast of Africa, we have a display of the superstitions and debasement of the human mind when sunk in ignorance, that is scarcely to be credited.

"An Englishman cannot understand a tropical sun; the dog-days of our temperate isle would be refreshing moments to the toasting, stewing, enervating hours of an African purgatory; frequently, no breath of air sweeps over the waters to cool your parched skin, or else it comes like 'blasts from hell,' and you inhale air that almost burns the lungs, so hot and arid is it. With night comes the tempting but too fatal dews, and a refreshing breeze:

"The morrow comes, when they are not for thee!"

This river abounds with ground-sharks of a prodigious size; and, from the respect which is paid them by the natives, they are quite domesticated. This, however much it may be admired in some animals, is not at all a pleasing trait in the character of a shark; and the domestic monster of this species is quite as disagreeable in his mode of mastication, as his less polished brother of the deep; but probably I shall be better understood by saying, that from having proper respect and attention paid to them, they are quite fearless, and seem to eat you under the impression that men were made for sharks. The inhabitants of Bonny worship this very sagacious and agreeable monster, which they call their *jewjew*, and seem to consider that the nearest way to heaven is through the digestive organs of a ground-shark. In consequence of this devotion paid to the shark, it is considered a great crime to kill them; for they say, 'Who kill jewjew, him go dam; but who jewjew eat, him go com'artable; an odd idea of comfort; but *chacun a son gout*, as our polite neighbours say. These animals appear so well aware of their prerogative of protection, that they commit the most daring acts, and have been known to leap some feet out of the water to get hold of men whilst working in the head of the vessel, thinking, no doubt, that they were fit subjects to be 'made comfortable,' as they had just undergone the process of ablation. Falling overboard is certain destruction, as they keep a constant watch upon all vessels lying in the harbour. The inhabitants hold a kind of festival three or four times a year, which they call the 'jajjav.' It is conducted by taking all the canoes into the middle of the river, when, after numerous ceremonies and absurdities to invoke the patronage and protection of their attentive listeners, they commence throwing them quantities of goats, fowls, goms, &c., until every monster that happens to be in the neighbourhood appears satisfied; on which they return to the shore with loud rejoicings. In return for this kindness, the jewjew gives a protection purely Irish; for the first native that any one can get hold of, he prevents any other from attacking, by eating him himself.—Would that this were the only rite they pay to these voracious monsters! Humanity is not so much shocked by the almost self-sacrifice of ignorance to superstition; but, when innocence becomes a victim, compassion shudders at that which she cannot prevent. Every year a guiltless child is doomed to expiate with its life the follies and crimes of its destroyers. The poor babe is named for this bloody rite at its birth, from which time it is called their Jewjew, and allow-

of very indulgence that its infant issue can survive until it arrives at about nine or ten years of age, when its seminary dorm must be finished. The tears and lamentations of the child are not in vain; the parents have placed their influence upon the mind of a mistaken devotion to it, as they have left their dead with those that have to be buried and stricken. The sharks collect about the shore of the dorm, and being prepared for them. The child is a spit of sand, into which a wave is to be cast, and the mother is to be cast into the sea. Various noises are made to drown the cries of the terrified child. Its little hands are raised imploring, and its lips calling for aid; the water rises to the eyes, and the greedy monsters are seen by the reader while quickly approaching with the devouring tide. Have we follow-creatures like these? Is there a mother that can stand and see this unceremonious? Can her heart be formed like ours? Is not the withering left of heaven scoured up their nostrils, and left them a desolated and hardened imitation of humanity? I need not bid you flash the horrible picture. The shouting mob stand watching the stake until the advancing tide has enfolded the sharks to approach their prey—then their dreadful revelry begins. No tear is shed for the poor sufferer, but the day is concluded with rejoicing and festivities. It will be seen from this, and the following fact, that these animals, which in general are looked upon with a feeling of terror and disgust, are here held in much estimation and importance. In their punishments they ever make them their judges (more properly executioners) in case of any atrocity being committed. The person upon whom suspicion falls is ordered by the king to swim across the river, when, if innocent, he is to arrive safe upon the other side; but if otherwise, these just judges are to have him for breakfast. This trial takes place before his majesty and an immense concourse of spectators: the suspected person is brought forth and forced into the river, when the poor devil makes every exertion to reach the destined goal, but, strange to say, the king has never yet left the bench without being fully convinced of the truth of his suspicions, as no instance is on record of the sharks ever allowing him to be in the water. This is certainly very like hanging first and trying afterwards. These people have a great deal of trade and constant intercourse with Europeans, yet we found them in many things as degraded as any savages upon the coast; and these bloody ceremonies, which they perform to the present day, corroborate this statement. Another object of their devotion is the guana, a species of lizard, which is one of the most privileged members of society, and allowed to do whatever it pleases with impunity. It is a most filthy and disgusting reptile, which, in this unaccountable country, may be a reason for the attention which is paid it. The length to which this is carried is beyond conception; and I have on several occasions seen it enter a house and deliberately carry off fowls and ducks which were intended for immediate consumption, and this without being molested in any way by the proprietor, who, on the contrary, seemed to consider himself honoured by the preference which this object of his devotion had given him.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1833.

LETTER FROM YOUNG BLACK HAWK
TO HIS SWEET-HEART, KILL-WISK-I-WISE, OR THE
SHIPPING DOG.

Dated at the City of Gazers, Island of Manhattan,
6th Moon, 1833.

DEAR WISK-I-WISE,—

I seize upon the first leisure moment to write you a word respecting the strange people I have got among. I have been hitherto so crowded, and pushed, and stared at, and courted, that I have had neither time nor place to think—much less to prepare these winged words which should convey the feelings of my soul to yours. But at length, thanks to the Great Manitou, I have found a short breathing spell. I have seized a moment when the pale faces, weary of gazing and staring, have retired for the night; and when the keepers—corn-stubbles, I think they call them—which have been set over us, tired of their watching, have dropped their long war-clubs from their hands, and fallen snoring on the floor.

Were it not beneath the dignity of red men to show surprise at any thing, I should break out in exclamations of wonder every hour in the day. What a strange—what a mighty people these are! But a few years since they came few and small from the rising of the sun; but now they are stretching away to the setting thereof; they are more numerous than the stars in the sky, more active than the fleetest deer of the forest, more mighty than the once huge mammoth of the spreading prairies, more lofty than the highest mountains, and more invincible than the angel of death. Such wigwags they have! so fine, so much gay cloth on the floor, and all to be trampled on with the feet! Why, my sweet Wisk-i-wisk, the finest blanket that I have is not to be compared to the big gray-colored blankets that cover all the floors. And then the couches! they're as high as the top of the red man's wigwag, and one must fairly climb to get upon them. But, fugh! they are so soft I can't

sure them—I can't close my eyes—the spirit of sleep will not visit my eyelids. How would you like to repose your beautiful limbs on a great pile of dead feathers as high as my head? fugh! too much like pale faces. Na-sh-askuck, for his part, chooses to sleep under the bed, on the good hard floor, and not on the soft dead feathers. I am sure Kill-wisk-i-wisk would sleep like him, if he slept as soft as the pale faces.

But what I intended to tell you about in particular was the squaws of these strange people. Don't be jealous, my lovely Shipping Dog. The white squaws are no more like you than a red fox is like a white rabbit. To be sure I call them beautiful to their faces, and swear by the Great Spirit that I like them very much. Indeed I believe I promised a dozen of 'em that I would take them home with me, and make them my squaws. But, upon my soul, I meant nothing by it. It was all mere moonshine, and such stuff as the white men are always whispering in the ears of the pale-faced women. If any of them, however, should insist upon my keeping my promise, I swear to you, my gentle Wisk-i-wisk, that you shall always occupy the chief place in my wigwag—at least until I find some red squaw more young and beautiful than you.

Between you and me, my lovely, whatever I may have said to the white squaws by way of flattery and as a kind of offset for their attentions, I couldn't endure them. They have such monstrous great arms! Why, they're as big, up next to their shoulders, as the trunk of a mighty oak. Only think, Wisk-i-wisk, how you would look with such huge ugly arms! And then they have no waists—they're all top and bottom. Bah! I couldn't endure the sight of such creatures. And they're so terrible fond—and so curious! Why I'm fairly shocked a hundred times in a day at the behavior of these white squaws. They're not content to press around me and gaze in my face, but they're absolutely bewitched to touch my skin! to examine my figure, and gaze upon my proportions. Every one of them wants to take me by the hand, and—would you believe it!—one of them, when I said she should be my squaw, had no more modesty than to offer me her cheek to kiss. I couldn't refuse her you know, of course. But I declare to you, my love, there was no heart in that kiss—I was thinking of you all the time. To tell the truth, the faces of these squaws are quite too pale for me. The Great Spirit has set a mark of his displeasure upon them by making them the color of snow. Give me a fine face like the tawny maidens of the forest, I say, and none of your white squaws.

With this sentiment, believe me to be yours entirely; and look for me some time the next moon, if the pale faces should not in the mean time eat me up.

Your lover,

NA-SHE-ASKUCK.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XX.

On Dandyism.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth away, and continueth not."

This is a most accurate description of a modern dandy. He cometh forth like a flower: that is to say, he shows himself to the world like a flower; he comes forth like a gay tulip, flaunting with a dicky, false collar, and ruffles. He is fond of showing himself in public; and by continually parading himself where he has no business, excites a strong suspicion in the beholders, that he comes for no other purpose than to attract the gaze of the multitude.

But his coming forth like a flower is not his only characteristic; he is cut down: or, in other words, he is nearly divided in the middle, like a cut-wasp. Reader, didst thou ever see one of those industrious insects, at work in a summer's day—we say at work, and in that respect the insect differs from the dandy, whose shape only and not his habits we intend to compare with the cut-wasp—we say didst thou ever behold one of these insects gathering moist clay in a mud-puddle—whence they are sometimes called mud-wasps—mark how he rolls it up and bears it off to build him an house. But herein he differs entirely from the dandy, the least of whose thoughts are ever employed in building an house or doing any other good thing. But it is not so much the industry of the insect that we would have thee note, as his figure, the very exact prototype of a dandy. He is so nearly cut in two in the middle, that one would suppose in the air joining of the upper to the lower part of the creature there was scarcely room for useful connection, and that the passage was quite too narrow for the conveyance either of blood, breath, or food. In a similar manner the dandy is cut down; so that we could not in all our thoughts recur to a better illustration than that of the insect called a cut-wasp.

Some commentators, perhaps, might say the cutting down was like that of the mower's scythe, which crops a flower. But if the dandy—or indeed any other human creature—were thus cut down, how

could he flee away? how could he run when his legs were cut off. For the text continues—he fleeth away. It is plainly proved therefore that our interpretation is right; for though a man be very much cut down, in the manner of a cut-wasp, it does not deprive him of the power of running. On the contrary, he fleeth away because he is a dandy. He does nothing for a livelihood. He is either too proud to attend to any business, or he is too insignificant to be entrusted with any. Certain it is that he does nothing which can benefit mankind, or procure himself an honest livelihood. He gets in debt wherever he can obtain credit. He runs up a bill with his landlord, his tailor, his hatter, his confectioner, his laundress, and so forth. He is pushed for payment; he makes fair promises; he fails to fulfil them; and when his word will no longer be taken, he runs away. He makes his exit between two days, and—

Contineth not. This brings us to the last division of our discourse. The dandy has come forth like a flower; he is cut down, like unto a cut-wasp; he fleeth away, or in other words he hath absconded; and he continueth not for the very good reason that he has fled away. He continueth not in the place of his former residence; and the probability is, that he will not long continue in his new one. The reason is obvious; he is a dandy, and therefore does nothing for a livelihood; he does nothing for a livelihood, and therefore cannot be expected to pay for one; he does not pay for one, and therefore shortly loses his credit; he loses his credit, and therefore he can no longer get trusted; he can no longer get trusted, and therefore he picks up his alms and runs away. And wherever he goes the same result will follow. He will flee away, and continueth not.

Such is the natural consequence of being a dandy; and if this result do not follow in every instance, it is no fault of his, but rather the effect of some peculiarity of circumstances, over which he has no control. He may have a wealthy father, who will support him in his dandy appearance, his flourishes, and his dandyism; or he may be blessed with a rich uncle, or aunt, or some clever friend, who will sustain him, and enable him to cut a figure in the most approved cut-waspish style. But these things do not happen to every dandy, and rarely to any one for a great length of time. The natural result is as we have stated. If a foolish young fellow—and none but foolish ones ever do the like—cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; ten to one, in a very short time, the rest of the text will come to pass, for he will flee away and continueth not.

THE MILITIA CAPTAIN AND THE ESSENCE PEDLER.

HARRY B—, of one of the interior towns of this State, was a few years since chosen Captain of a company of militia. At the next training day, with true military pride and spirit, he dressed himself in a suit of regimentals, buckled a sword to his side, and marched to the field. He did wonders that day in the way of command; he marched and counter-marched his soldiers; he made them once and again go through the manual exercise; but what most acquired him popularity, was, he gave them as much grog as they could well drink, and drank with them to the bargain. In short, Captain B— acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of all concerned—and of no one more than himself.

Just at the close of day he dismissed his company; and, full of the happy and valorous feelings which the rum and the occasion had inspired, he marched away to attend an evening party of gentlemen and ladies, some two miles off, to which he had been previously invited. When he had got about half way, coming into a thicket of wood, he espied something speckled with black and white in the path just before him. Not knowing exactly what it was, partly on account of the dusk of the evening and partly in consequence of the obfuscation of his brain, he resolved to attack it sword in hand.

No sooner thought than done. He valorously drew his trusty steel, and marching up, aimed a blow at what he supposed to be the head of his enemy; but which unfortunately proved to be its tail, which the creature had just then erected over its back. No sooner was this attack made, than the creature, wheeling round, with the weapons which nature had given it for defence, let drive at the Captain—shooting like the Parthians as it ran. It was then, that the Captain first discovered that he had engaged a skunk.

Heavens and earth, what an odor! It was strong enough to knock a man over. But it was not the Captain's nostrils alone which were assailed: the shot took him in the eyes, and for a while so effectually blinded him that he could no longer see; and though he continued to lay about him valorously with his sword, the enemy, taking advantage of his blindness, made good his retreat into the bushes, and was seen no more.

It was some time before the Captain could fairly

recover his eye-sight; which when he had done, he proceeded to a neighbouring mill, and washed the smarting liquid from his eyes, and endeavored to cleanse his person from the intolerable odor with which it was imbued. But he tried in vain. Nevertheless he had too much regard for his honor to fail an appointment; and he proceeded without further delay to the evening party.

As soon as he entered the drawing room, which he did in true military style, the ladies began to pull out their smelling bottles and to apply their handkerchiefs to their noses; and the gentlemen began to take snuff. It was some time before they recovered sufficiently to return the Captain's salute; when, all in a breath, they asked him what had happened, that he had brought such a smell with him.

"Why," said the Captain coolly, "I met with an essence pedler on the way, and I bought out his whole stock."

This was so well said, that the whole company burst into a laugh; and though they were obliged soon to disperse on account of the villainous odor he brought, they forgave Harry in consequence of the wit wherewith he had so well seasoned it.

But it was not in his face only that the valorous Captain had received the shot. A part of the inextinguishable odor had fastened upon his regimentals; and after trying in vain to free them from the horrid scent, he dug a hole and buried them six feet under ground. He then broke his sword across a stump and resigned his commission.

"Well Harry," said an acquaintance of his some time afterwards, "what have you done with your regimentals?"

"I've buried them with the honors of war," said the Captain, gravely.

"That's merely to disguise them, I suppose," said the other, "and you'll dig them up again before the next training day?"

"No," said Harry, "I shall never disturb them again. I've broke my sword, and resigned my commission."

The d—d you have!—what, so soon?"

"Why, I thought 'twas high time," returned the ex-Captain, "when I couldn't travel the road without being insulted by every d—d skunk that chose to turn up his tail at me."

UNDERSTANDING AN OATH.—A sailor, who had been for some time under the command of a master who was much addicted to swearing, was called upon to give evidence before a court of justice, in New Haven. The judge, noticing the rough and awkward appearance of the son of Neptune, began to catechise him on the importance of the place he occupied, as a witness on the stand; and asked him if he understood the nature of an oath?

"Do I, master?" said the tar, rolling his quid to the other side of his mouth, "d—n me eyes! I think I do by this time, for I've been with Captain B—long enough."

KNICKERBOCKER.—The first number of the 2d vol. of the Knickerbocker Magazine contains some very good articles. Among others, we would particularize "The Dark Maid of Illinois," by Judge Hall, author of the "Legends of the West," &c. The Magazine has been enlarged, and instead of 64 now contains 80 pages. We wish the proof reader would pay a little more attention to his department, as the present number contains sundry errors of print which are not very pardonable in a work of this kind.

GREENE'S PERIODICAL LIBRARY, Philadelphia.—A few numbers, 1, 6 and 8, of this interesting work are to hand, and it would have undergone the scrutiny of our critical eyes, could we have done justice to it as a whole—but the absent numbers rendered this impossible. From those before us we can recommend the work as one which bids fair to contribute much instruction and amusement to its readers, furnishing them with a cheap and useful library of voyages, travels, history, biography, &c.—containing nearly 2,500 pages annually. The terms of subscription are five dollars per annum in advance.

BLACK HAWK AND HIS LADY.—"I see," said a lively young Miss to a friend of ours, "that Dr. Graham has been sending some topaz ear-rings to Black Hawk's wife—I wonder what her name is." "Hen Hawk," replied the gentleman.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—In reply to our inquiry in a late number, whether the Middlesex Gazette knew the origin of the story of "Scornful Molly Gray," the Editor says—"We cheerfully acknowledge that credit for the story above alluded to ought to have been given to the 'Constellation,' and we so directed it to be done. But our compositors are girls; and the one who set it up, for some unexplained reason—being perhaps a relation or a disciple of Miss Molly—thought best to omit it." We accept the apology—

OCEAN AND STORMS.

Part of a poetic effusion of Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewellery) on her voyage to Calcutta, is annexed. The verses were written off the Cape of Good Hope, which seems in Mrs. F.'s experience to have asserted its claim to be less attractive, but perhaps more correct original appellation of the Cape of Tempests.

Post are Ocean's gentle forms;
Now in her chaste and calm shores.

Stark no longer that sweet blue
Mirror'd lately in his breast;
Love and peace are gone—now view
Death, with terror for his crest;
Brave him as he would show;
Heaving, heaving, on and fro.

Look not for the pearl-like spray
Scattered late with playful hand,
Then, from Ocean's bosom;
Now, he wars with trumpet and brand;
Asking not but from one other;
The old war, his strong twin-brother.

Hark the summons! they are greeting;
Dare their friendship, wind and wave;
Say'st thou, man, but two are meeting?
Mock them on, and bid thy grave;
Mock with wind and fiery will;
They have mightier power and skill.

They are meeting—they are met—
Where is now the gallant ship?
Down on her side—all burst her pride—
Her topmast on the deep—
And her strongest—amplest sail,
Shred in tatters by the gale.

Lo, they grapple! least and prey;
Blast and blow; shout and hail;
Grim destruction hath its way,
Till the vessel beautiful
As with woman's nerve and heart,
Downward sinks with groan and start.

Hail to thee, thou raging foam!
Hail to thee, thou screaming blast!
And hail the drowner's thought of home,
His saddest, fondest, last!
And a few more days and leagues a few,
Hail to thee, Ocean, calm and blue!

RUSHS ENGLAND.

We select several notices and anecdotes from this new work, just published on both sides of the Atlantic. They will be read with interest.

A Royal Audience.—Feb. 12.—Had my reception. A competent knowledge of the world may guide any one in the common walks of life; more especially if he carry with him the cardinal maxim of good breeding in all countries,—a wish to please and unwillingness to offend. But if, even in private society, there are rules not to be known but by experience, and if these differ in different places, I could not feel insensible to the approach of an occasion so new. My first desire was, not to fail in the public duties of my mission. The next, to pass properly through the scenes of official and personal ceremony to which it exposed me. At the head of them, was my introduction to the Sovereign. I desired to do all that full respect required, but not more; yet—the external observances—what were they? They defy exact definition beforehand, and I had never seen them. From the restraints, too, that prevail in these spheres, lapses, if you fall into them, are little apt to be told to you; which increases your solicitude to avoid them. I had, in some of my intercourse, caught the impression, that simplicity was considered best adapted to such an introduction; also that the Prince Regent was not thought to be fond of set speeches. This was all that I could collect. But simplicity, all know, is a relative idea. Often it is attainable, in the right sense, only through the highest art.

I arrived before the hour appointed. My carriage having the *entree*, or right to the private entrance, I went through St. James's Park, and got to Carlton House by the paved way, through the gardens. Even this approach was already filled. I was set down at a side-door, where stood servants in the Prince's livery. Gaining the hall, persons were seen in different costumes. Among them, yeomen of the guard, with halberds. They had hats of velvet, with wreaths round them, and rosettes in their shoes. In the court-yard, which opened through the columns of the portico, bands of music were heard. Carriages, in a stream, were approaching by this access, through the double gates that separate the royal residence from the street. The company arriving this way, entered through the portico, and turned off to the right. I went to the left, through a vestibule, leading to other rooms, into which none went but those having the *entree*. They consisted of cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, persons in chief employment about the court, and a few others, the privilege being in high esteem. Knights of the Garter appeared to have it, for I observed their insignium round the knee of several. There was the Lord Steward, with his badge of office; the Lord Chamberlain with his; also, gold stick, and silver stick. The foreign ambassadors and ministers wore their national costumes; the cabinet ministers, such as we see in old portraits, with bag and sword. The Lord Chancellor, and other functionaries of the law, had black silk gowns, with full wigs. The bishops and dignitaries of the Church, had aprons of black silk. The walls were covered with paintings. If these were historical, so were the rooms. As I looked through them, I thought of the scenes in Doddington; of the Pelhams, the Bolingbrokes, the Hillsboroughs. The Prince had not left his apartment. Half an hour went by, when Sir Robert Chester, Master of the Ceremonies, said to me, that in a few minutes he would conduct me to

the Prince. The Spanish Ambassador had gone in, and I was next in turn. When he came out, the Master of the Ceremonies advanced with me to the door; opening it, he left me. I entered alone. The Prince was standing—Lord Castlereagh by him. No one else was in the room. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached as to a private gentleman, and said, that it was "from the President of the United States, appointing me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of his Royal Highness; and that I had been directed by the President to say, that I could in no way better serve the United States, or gain his approbation, than by using all my endeavours to strengthen and prolong the good understanding that happily subsisted between the two countries." The Prince took the letter, and handed it to Lord Castlereagh. He then said, that he would "ever be ready on his part to act upon the sentiments I had expressed, that I might assure the President of this, for that he sincerely desired to keep up and improve the friendly relations subsisting between the two nations, which he regarded as so much to the advantage of both." I replied, that I would not fail to do so.

The purpose of the interview seeming to be accomplished, I had supposed it would here end, and was about to withdraw; but the Prince prolonged it. He congratulated me on my arrival. He inquired for the health of Mr. Adams, and spoke of others who had preceded me in the mission, going back as far as the first Mr. Pinckney. Of him, and Mr. King, his inquiries were minute. He made others, which it gave me still more pleasure to answer—he asked if I knew the ladies from my country, then in England, who had made such favourable impressions—naming Mrs. Patterson and the Miss Catons. I replied that I did, and responded to his gratifying notice of these my fair countrywomen. A few more remarks on the climate of the two countries closed the audience.

Court Beauty.—If the scene in the hall was picturesque, the one up stairs transcended it. The doors of the rooms were all open. You saw in them a thousand ladies richly dressed. All the colours of nature were mingling their rays together. It was the first occasion of laying-by mourning for the Princess Charlotte; so that it was like the bursting out of spring. No lady was without her plume. The whole was a waving field of feathers. Some were blue, like the sky; some tinged with red; here you saw violet and yellow; there, shades of green; but the most were like tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them, caught the sun through the windows, and threw dazzling beams around. Then the hoops—I cannot describe these. They should be seen. To see one is nothing; but to see a thousand—and their thousand wearers! I afterwards sat in the Ambassador's box at a coronation. That sight faded before this. Each lady seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade; or one of silvery texture. This, topped by her plume, and the "face divine" interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere. It was brilliant and joyous. Those to whom it was not new, stood at gaze as I did. Canning for one—his fine eye took it all in. You saw admiration in the gravest statesmen; Lord Liverpool, Huskisson, the Lord Chancellor—everybody. I had already seen in England signs enough of opulence and power; now I saw, radiating on all sides, British beauty. My own country I believed was destined to a just measure of the two first; and I had the inward assurance that my countrywomen were the inheritresses of the last. *Mater pulchra filia pulchrior.* So appeared the drawing room of Queen Charlotte.

The Prince-Regent at Carlton House.—"The Prince Regent moved about these rooms until he had addressed everybody—all waiting his salutation. Doors hitherto shut, now opened, when a new scene appeared. You beheld in other rooms the company that had turned off to the right. The opening of the doors was the signal for the commencement of the general levee. I remained with others to see it. All passed, one by one, before the Prince, each receiving a momentary salutation. To a few he addressed conversation, but briefly, as it stopped the line. All were in rich costume. Men of genius and science were there. The nobility were numerous, so were the military. There were from forty to fifty generals; perhaps as many admirals, with throngs of officers of rank inferior. I remarked upon the number of wounded. Who is that, I asked, pallid, but with a countenance so animated? 'That's General Walker,' I was told, 'pierced with bayonets leading on the assault at Bajados.' And he, close by, tall but limping? 'Colonel Ponsonby; he was left for dead at Waterloo; the cavalry he was thought had trampled upon him.' Then came one of like port, but deprived of a leg; slowly moving; and the whisper went, 'That's Lord Anglesea.' A fourth had been wounded at Seringapatam; a fifth at Talavera; some had suffered in Egypt; some in America. There were those who had received scars on the deck with Nelson; others who had carried them from the days of Howe. One, yes one, had fought at Saratoga. It was so that my enquiries were answered. All had 'done their duty'; this was the favorite praise bestowed.—The great number of wounded was accounted for by recollecting, that little more than two years had elapsed since the armies and fleets of Britain had been liberated from wars of extraordinary fierceness and duration in all parts of the globe. For, so it is, other nations chiefly fight on or near their own territory—the English everywhere."

Sir James Macintosh.—"Holland House, where we dined, four miles from London, is a venerable building. Among other associations that go with it, is the name of Addison. He lived here, after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick. After dinner, we went into the room that had been his library; it is now Lord Holland's. It is very long. Addison was not happy in his marriage; and the jocose tradition is, that he kept a bottle at each end of the room, so that in his walks backwards and forwards he might take a glass at each! It was in this room he wrote his despatches when secretary of state. The *Spectator* being mentioned, Sir James said that it had lost its value as a book of instruction, but as a standard of style would always last. I listened with interest to these and other remarks from him. His speeches and writings, read on the banks of the Delaware as those of the Thames, had taught me to regard his mind as kindred to Burke's;—the same elementary power; the same application of the philosophy of politics and jurisprudence to practical occurrences; the same use of history, never heavily but always happily brought in; the same aptitude for embellishment, not so gorgeous, but always chaste; the same universal wisdom."

I asked Sir James Macintosh when we were to be favoured with the history the public had been led to hope he was preparing. He spoke doubtfully. Hume was mentioned. He could not always agree with him, he said, but commended the general spirit of his history; the whole, indeed, was masterly; the best portion, that which comprised the reigns of the Tudors, particularly Elizabeth's. He spoke of Robertson and Gibbon; both were careful inquirers into facts; Gibbon's research was profound, but he saw objections to his style. He spoke of Franklin's style with nothing but praise. It was more than pure—it was classic. It was neither the style of Addison nor Swift; it had the simplicity of theirs, but an original and graceful playfulness not carried too far, which neither of the others had in so great a degree. Lord Lord Holland asked if it could be true that his works, and especially his style, were not popular in the United States; he had seen late publications seeming to point that way. My own knowledge and observation, I said, would lead me to a different conclusion as to the opinions of my countrymen."

Lord Erskine.—"He must have been seventy, or near it; but, as Sir Francis Burdett said, he illustrated the fable of youth peeping through the mask of age. It was a treat to see so much genius with so much playfulness—such a social flow from one whose powerful eloquence had been felt by the English nation, and helped to change, on some fundamental points, the English law. He sauntered about with me, and looked at the paintings. There was a full length likeness of George II., another of George III., and one of Mary Queen of Scots—a 'royal jade,' he feared, but very pretty."

Queen Charlotte (at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth).—"The conduct of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family, her children then clustering about her—the female head of a great empire, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindness in her manner, from which time had struck away useless forms. No one did she omit. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the King. He was absent, scathed by the hand of heaven,—a marriage going on in one of his palaces—he the lonely suffering tenant of another. But the portrait was a token superior to a crown! It bespoke the natural glory of wife and mother, eclipsing the artificial glory of queen. For more than fifty years this royal pair had lived together in affection. The scene would have been one of interest any where. May it not be noticed on a throne?"

Mr. Wilberforce (and the income tax).—"The income tax being mentioned, he remarked, that having borne it once, they could bear it again; it yielded fifteen millions a year, which would be good for a new loan of three hundred millions."

Mr. Canning.—"The grounds about his house were not extensive, but shut in by trees. All was seclusion the moment the gates closed; a common beauty in villas near London.—His quick eye was all round the table; his aim to draw out others.—Occasionally, he had touches of pleasantry. He asked for Mr. Pinckney of Maryland. 'I once,' said he, 'had a skirmish with him about language, but he worsted me; I said there was no such word as *influential*, except in America, but he convinced me that it was originally carried over from England.' Lord Stafford remarked, that it was so good a one, they ought to bring it back. 'Yes,' said Mr. Canning, 'it is a very good word, and I know no reason why it should have remained in America, but that we lost the thing.' A library was attached to the suite of rooms. When we came from dinner, some of the company found pastime in turning over the leaves of caricatures, bound in large volumes. They went back to the French revolutionary period. Kings, princes, cabinet ministers, members of parliament, every body, figured in them. It was a kind of history of England in caricature for five and twenty years. Need I add, that our accomplished host was on many a page? He stood by. Now and then he threw in a word giving new point to the scenes. It is among the contradictions of the English, that, shy and sensitive as the higher classes in many respects are, perhaps beyond any other people, they are utterly indifferent to these kind of attacks. Their public men also exclude parties from private life. You see persons of opposite

Burke (as described by Erskine).—"He came to see me not long before he died. I then lived on Hampstead-hill. 'Come, Erskine,' said he, holding out his hand, 'let us forget all; I shall soon quit this stage, and wish to die in peace with every body, especially you.' I reciprocated the sentiment, and we took a turn round the grounds. Suddenly he stopped. An extensive prospect broke upon him. He stood rapt in thought. Gazing on the sky, as the sun was setting, 'Ah! Erskine,' he said, pointing towards it, 'you cannot spoil that because you cannot reach it; it would otherwise go; yes, the firmament itself—you and your reformers would tear it all down.' I was pleased with his friendly familiarity, and we went into the house, where kind feelings between us were further improved. A short time afterwards he wrote that attack upon the Duke of Devonshire, Fox, and myself, which flew all over England, and perhaps the United States."

Lord Liverpool was not a person to lose confidence so acquired. Splendour of genius was not his characteristic; but among his talents was that of assembling able men around him. His cabinet was already strong, when, as we have seen, he encircled it with the names of Wellington, and Peel, and Robinson, and Huskisson; lastly with that of Canning, whom he brought into the Foreign Office, vacant by the sudden demise of a powerful incumbent. These, though differing in important points among each other, and from the Premier, remained in harmony under him as leader. Each was made efficient in his sphere, and the power of the whole augmented. If Lord Liverpool was not the ablest man of the body, he was essentially its head. With a sound judgment improved by public affairs, he was fitted for the business of a nation. What he did not take in by promptitude, he mastered by perseverance; not that he was deficient in the former, but that he paused upon his first conclusions. Systematic and grave, educated in maxims which he conscientiously approved, however others may have dissented from them; courteous, yet inflexible; with a personal character eminently pure, and a high reputation for official probity, his influence, as it rested upon practical qualities, went on to increase; so that, during the whole term of my residence, I never heard that a change of ministry was for one moment seriously in contemplation."

The Earl of Westmoreland.—"The cheerful manner of his lordship promoted conversation. Much of it related to England. Duelling was spoken of. His lordship said that among private gentlemen in England it was very rare; that if a person from this class had been engaged in a duel, and applied for admission to a club, there would be a scrutiny; and unless it appeared that he was not quarrelsome, he would be in danger of rejection; but that if he had been engaged in two, he believed he would be black-balled. His lordship did not condemn duelling. He only meant that the occasions of it in private life were so few in classes where proper restraints existed, that he whose misfortune it was to have had two duels on his hands, would find gentlemen shy of him as an associate in such institutions. It was upon this he grounded his opinion. His lordship's urbanity made the evening very pleasant. It was not until a late hour that we got home."

The shop of Rundell & Bridge.—"Outside it is plain; you might pass by without noticing it; but on entering, the articles of silver were piled in heaps, even on the floor. Going further into the building the masses increased. In a room up stairs, there was a part of a dinner service in course of manufacture. The cost of an entire service varied from thirty to fifty thousand pounds sterling, according to the number of pieces, and workmanship; sometimes it was much higher. A candelabra for the middle of a table, had just been finished for a customer at fourteen hundred pounds. A dress sword for another customer was shown; the cost was four thousand guineas.—Other specimens of luxury might be mentioned, including ambassadors' snuff-boxes of gold and diamonds. The proprietors were extremely civil; for I gave trouble only from curiosity. If you purchase but a pin for a few shillings, they return thanks; if you do not incline to take it away yourself, they readily send it home, no matter how far off."

INFANT EDUCATION.

BY PHILOPAEDIA.

Impressions received in early life, exert a mighty influence in the formation of character. The fact, often celebrated in poetry, is established by accurate and long-continued observation, and its disbelief would be a betrayal of wilful ignorance. Still its practical effect is but rare and transient; hence children of all classes suffer much at an extremely critical period, and to this may be attributed many of the errors and vices of after years.

The nursery is the first school which the child enters, there its education commences, and consequently it is of great importance that it should be suitably and judiciously. As within these limits it will learn much, it is not only desirable that it should be treated with great kindness, but that all the means should be employed that are likely to develop its mental powers, repress evil dispositions, and cherish and strengthen the moral virtues. Not that the minds of children should be forced. Nature should be followed, the advantages she presents should be seized and improved, what is repressing should be guarded against no less than what is compulsory, and wherever doubt arises, an excess of liberty should be preferred to too much restraint. The diversities which appear among families are more satisfactorily accounted for from a neglect or observance of these considera-

tions than from any original difference assumed to exist in the mental constitution. Those children who are most judiciously treated generally turn out the best; while it would be easy to prove that much of what is deplored in maturity is the natural consequence of the neglect or mal-administration of early discipline.

Passing from the higher to the lower grades of society, we have, in this fact, one means of accounting for the extent of juvenile delinquency. Many institutions have been established and supported by active benevolence for the instruction of the children of the poor; and it may be fully demonstrated that great benefit has been the result. But two things, it should be remembered, have limited their success; one is, they are as yet by no means commensurate with the necessity that prevails;—and the other is, that the children to whom they are designed to teach much that is good have previously learned much that is evil. Schools must yet be immensely increased in number before they will be able to admit all who need instruction; and their effect will be proportionably small, so long as time and labour must be expended in pulling down rather than in building up, in eradicating rather than in planting.

A due consideration of these circumstances will completely exculpate those who are often rashly and ignorantly censured; and will show that the increase of crime does not arise from a diffusion of knowledge, but from unchecked and revolting ignorance. From the mass in which this appears nothing good can, indeed, be fairly expected.

To select a case; the home of the child, if a name so endeared can be given to such a spot, is the abode of squalid poverty, filth, intemperance, and evil disposition; of whatever is debasing he is every day and every week; hour the auditor and the witness; while nothing either corrective or improving ever meets his eye or ear. His play-ground is the lane, the alley, the street; here he finds associates, and the demoralizing process continues and advances. The lies he has heard he employs, the oaths with which he is familiar he repeats, and the deceptions and frauds into which he has been initiated, he practices. What he wants he naturally wishes to obtain: with the stronger he succeeds by manœuvring, with the weaker by violence. It may be he becomes the agent of practised thieves, who often employ children in their depredations; or he may learn from his companions how to invade the property of others, and follow their plans, for a time, with impunity. Should he be detected, the individual who recovers what he was in danger of losing, allows his childhood to plead in his behalf, and refrains from prosecution; and, emboldened by this escape, the culprit becomes more dexterous and daring. In the midst of his success, however, he is seized by an officer who is inexorable, taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison. Here he enters a new school of vice, becomes acquainted with the arts of the basest of its inmates, concludes that the worst acts are only desirable manifestations of spirit and skill, and when the term for which he was sentenced has expired, goes forth prepared for greater atrocities. The attainments he has made in villainy are doubly pernicious; for, in addition to his own increased corruption, he is prepared for wider and more deadly contamination. He who was before the instrument of others, becomes, perhaps, the chief of a band of young miscreants, who implicitly obey his commands, imbibe his spirit, and emulate his deeds. Such a course of increasing evil, the ratio of which no human mind can calculate, may go on with only occasional interruptions for many years, until at length it issues in transportation or death.

Imagination has not formed this picture; it is sketched from life, and to its truth, as depicting the state of thousands, all who are really acquainted with the condition of the poor are prepared to bear testimony. It is then asked, where is the remedy? The answer is, in an increase of the means of moral and religious culture, and especially in their application at the earliest period at which the mind and heart are susceptible of impression. Let the declaration not only go forth, but be practically observed, that a child may learn what is good as soon as it is able to learn what is evil. On this the middle and higher ranks should act in reference to their own offspring, and connect with these efforts of parental solicitude others of pure and expansive benevolence.

For such exertions an important instrument will be found in what has been denominated "The Infant System." In stating this, a distinction is intended to be made between the mode of instruction which properly bears this name, and that which is adopted in many of these institutions which are called "Infant Schools." The honour of their origin has several claimants; but schools into which infants in common with much older children were admitted, were first commenced in Scotland by Mr. Owen, and in England by the present Lord Chancellor; though it is contended that their plan was primarily indicated by Swift, who affirmed in reference to Laputa, that "they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility."

The idea acted upon a few years ago by the individuals just mentioned, has roused many to effort, with various success; but the method of training children from the age of eighteen months, or rather as soon as they can walk, to seven years, and called the Infant System, is the result of the judicious and persevering labours of one who, even in the metropolis, it

self, is as yet but little known, and who, in consequence, has obtained too little honour.

That it ought to have been otherwise will be manifest from the following quotation from an eloquent address recently delivered in the Highlands of Scotland, by George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart.:—"I beg leave to congratulate this meeting on the appearance of a man, whose existence appears to be one of beneficent interventions of Providence for preventing the degradation and exalting the dignity of human nature, so that it may be properly fitted for its higher destiny. Since I first became acquainted with Mr. Wilderspin's proceedings, I have been at a loss which to admire most,—his exceeding benevolence, or the extent of the talent and tact by which he has extended, in so remarkable a manner, the object which his benevolence has in view."

"It is not the design of this paper, written, as the signature intimates, by a friend of little children, to enter into a minute delineation of that particular system which Mr. Wilderspin has advised and matured; to do so would be to occupy too wide a space; and, moreover, it is rendered unnecessary by his interesting and valuable works on the subject. It must suffice to observe that it is not the result of a disposition to theorize but of eagle-eyed observation, and long-continued experience,—that it has proved itself completely adapted to the state of children in various grades of society,—and that it combines with a due attention to their health and spirits, a delightful development and exercise of their mental faculties, and the communication of much sound religious knowledge drawn from its purest fount,—the holy Scriptures.—*Irish paper.*"

THE ERECT POSTURE OF MAN.

Our readers, we think, will be gratified with the extracts, which we subjoin from a summary of a paper recently read by Dr. Kay, before the Bath (Eng.) Literary and Philosophical Institution. After a suitable introduction—

"Dr. Kay made some general remarks upon the study of natural history, more especially that branch of it which embraces man and the inferior animals; tracing the superiority of the former to his moral and intellectual relations with the world around him. As constituted lord of the creation, man walks forth in all the pride and majesty of undisputed authority—unquestioned supremacy. It is true, the lower tribes of animals, the subjects of his unlimited, his despotic sway, no longer fawn, and gamble, and disport themselves for very pleasure at his feet—it is true, 'the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea'—it is true, they instinctively shun his approach, and betake themselves to their separate and secret places of retreat, and leave man the solitary tenant of the scene—or, at a distance wait and watch his every movement, disdaining closer interview. All this man knows and feels, and would fain it were otherwise; and yet, the fear which hastens flight—the liberty that would not be enslaved—and the caution that prompts to watchfulness—constitute some of the most pleasing and interesting subjects of his study. The writer anticipates an objection that might be raised, as to the 'expediency of seeking to establish a position generally admitted,'—observing very justly, that 'peculiarities might exist in various animals, and yet the precise character of these differences which constitute generic distinctions, not always be equally conspicuous—or, if apparent, duly appreciated—the peculiarity might exist, and yet its specific nature be difficult of demonstration.' Reference was made to several authors who had broached the opposite doctrine—Moscatti, in a paper published in 1771, and entitled 'Von der Körperlichen ewentlichen unterschiede Zwischen der strueter der Thiere, und der Menschen'; and to Monbodo, in his well-known work.

In the prosecution of his subject, Dr. Kay endeavoured to show—first, that the erect posture is adapted to the conformation of the human subject; and, secondly, that it is peculiar to man. That to preserve this posture, it is requisite—first, that the parts should be so disposed as to be maintained in a state of equilibrium; secondly that the centre of gravity should fall within the space occupied by the feet; thirdly, that the feet should have a surface sufficiently broad and secure for the purpose of standing. In support of the first proposition, Dr. Kay entered into a particular enumeration of the principal anatomical peculiarities observed in the human frame; showing the beautiful adaptation of each to its respective office, considered in relation to the erect attitude. This description, though highly scientific, would hardly, we conceive, possess sufficient interest for the general and unprofessional reader.—The second inquiry was then discussed, viz. whether the 'erect posture is peculiar to man.' This led the writer to a brief recapitulation and summary of the preceding peculiarities of organization, and to the introduction of others not previously named. From the centre of gravity not falling within the space occupied by the feet—from the relative situation and connexion of the cranium with the cerebellum column—from the particular construction of the inferior extremities—it was clearly proved, that the line of gravity must always be distorted while the quadruped supports itself on two feet only; whence the inference was fairly deduced, that 'man is the only animal possessing the essential requisites in the necessary degree. It was not denied that some animals, e. g. the bear, ape, &c. might be taught to walk erect, or, to assume the attitude of the more distinguished biped—but it was, nevertheless, maintained, that this

position, even under the most favourable circumstances, always appears irksome, constrained, and painful. In proof of this assertion, the Simia satyrus of Linnaeus, or Orang outang, was selected from the class Quadrum, and as approximating nearest in its external character to man—various eminent authorities were cited, (Cuvier, Deamand, Vosman, &c.) to show that, though this ape, or as it has been not inaptly styled, 'burlesque upon human nature,' resembled man in the construction or disposition of certain parts, it in reality formed no exception to the general rule. The following conclusions were regarded, therefore, as legitimate—1st, That of all the inferior animals, the Simia satyrus approaches nearest in its general form to the human subject.—2d, That this animal can and does occasionally support itself in the erect posture, though with apparent difficulty.—3d, That the same horizontal, semi-depending posture, or that observed by the quadrumanus inclining, is natural and proper in the Orang outang, in common with all the ape tribe.—4th, That though it resembles man in various particulars, there exist differences sufficiently well marked, to show that man could never degenerate into an orang-outang, nor an orang-outang be elevated to the rank of the human species. We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Kay's paper in his own words: 'Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the consideration of man as intended to preserve the erect posture—we have, as yet, spoken of him as differing from the brute only in his external form, his outward character—but there is a dignity, a majesty, it would seem, in the human countenance, which strikes awe and terror into the brute beast. It is true, man is endowed with reason—it is true, genius lightens up the fire of his eye—it is true, wisdom sits enshrined at the portals of his lips, and renders eloquent the very music of his voice; but lower than that, towering form—conceive man, if it be possible, on a level with the brute; and what would reason avail him? (I speak by comparison) what his genius? His boasted talent and commanding eloquence, what? It may be fancy—imagination, with its fictions, may mislead—but were the same Almighty fiat that singled out a Nebuchadnezzar, and made him a very beast of the field—were the same power which created man as he is, again to be put forth in all its energy, and in a moment to reduce every human being to the state of the disgraced monarch—from that moment, methinks, man would cease to lord it over the brute—the fear of him would go forth upon the earth no more—the hungry lion and the famished tiger, no longer recognizing the human form, would mark him out as their prey, and glut their savage appetites with his blood.

*Præque cum spectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublimè dedit; caligine tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES, &c.

Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

The present is the first of the treatises published in obedience to the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, who bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds as a premium for the production of a work or works "on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation," &c. It may possibly admit of question, whether, in the instance, the principle of division of labour, adopted by Mr. Davies Gilbert and the right reverend coadjutors in their apportioning the task among eight gentlemen, eminent as they are, instead of imposing it upon one alone, will be found to have the success anticipated. Tending all to the same point, although by different routes, it is scarcely possible for the authors to avoid repetitions and prolixity, or in their illustrations to confine themselves strictly within their allotted province. Moreover, we think it would have been preferable to have produced a work in a reasonably small number of volumes, than thus to dilute the subject through eight bulky tomes. The theme proposed is the noblest and most exalted to which human intellect can be applied, why then so much pains to make it tedious? Why have eight different portals to the temple of nature, where one would have sufficed? Why disgust the reader by difficulty of selection, instead of inviting him by simplicity of arrangement and condensation of argument? In so extended a work, prolixity of detail becomes tiresome, and familiarity of illustration is liable to degenerate into flippant silliness.

We have been tempted to make these few remarks on the plan of treatises, without any reference to individual essays. The fairest materials may be spoiled by unsymmetrical arrangement. Such is the present case. One writer must necessarily trespass on the province of another. Thus Dr. Prout, in treating of the function of digestion, cannot help invading the territory of Dr. Roget, whose subject is animal and vegetable physiology, unless, indeed, the devisers of the scheme are of opinion that that function is unconnected with animal physiology. The plan, indeed, is faulty in the extreme; it could not well be worse: we shall therefore dismiss it, and turn to the treatise before us.

The known talents and high reputation of the author gave an earnest of excellence, and nobly has Mr. Whewell redeemed the pledge. The arrangement of his subject is as lucid as the general scheme to which we have alluded is confused. His style is clear and nervous, his illustrations apt, and his arguments conclusive.

The following are extracts; the author is shewing the evidence of design from the stability of the solar system:—

"If a man does not deny that any possible peculiarity in the disposition of the planets with regard to the sun could afford evidence of a controlling and ordering purpose, it seems difficult to imagine how he could look for evidence stronger than that which there actually is. Of all the innumerable possible cases of symptoms, governed by the existing laws of force and motion, that one is selected which alone produces such a steadfast periodicity, such a constant average of circumstances, as are, so far as we can conceive, necessary conditions for the existence of organic and sentient life. And this selection is so far from being an obvious or easily discovered means to this end, that the most profound and attentive consideration of the properties of space and number, with all the appliances and aids we can obtain, are barely sufficient to enable us to see that the end is thus secured, and that it can be secured in no other way. Surely the obvious impression which arises from this view of the subject is, that the solar system, with its adjustments, is the work of an intelligence, who perceives, as self-evident, those truths, to which we attain painfully and slowly, and after all imperfectly; who has employed in every part of the creation refined contrivances, which we can only with effort understand; and who, in innumerable instances, exhibits to us what we should look upon as remarkable difficulties remarkably overcome, if it were not that, through the perfection of the provision, the trace of the difficulty is almost obliterated."

The next is a very happy illustration of the magnitude of the scale on which the universe is constructed:—

"If we suppose the earth to be represented by a globe a foot in diameter, the distance of the sun from the earth will be about two miles; the diameter of the sun, on the same supposition, will be something above one hundred feet, and consequently his bulk such as might be made up of two hemispheres, each about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. The moon will be thirty feet from us, and her diameter three inches, about that of a cricket-ball. Thus the sun would much more than occupy all the space within the moon's orbit. On the same scale, Jupiter would be above ten miles from the sun, and Uranus forty. We see then how thinly scattered through space are the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars would be at an unknown distance, but, probably, if all distances were thus diminished, no star would be nearer to such a one-foot earth, than the moon now is to us. On such a terrestrial globe the highest mountains would be about 1-80th of an inch high, and consequently only just distinguishable. We may imagine therefore how imperceptible would be the largest animals. The whole organised covering of such a globe would be quite undiscernible by the eye, except perhaps by colour, like the bloom on a plum. In order to restore this earth and its inhabitants to their true dimensions, we must magnify them forty millions of times; and to preserve the proportions we must increase equally the distances of the sun and stars from us. They seem thus to pass off into infinity; yet each of them thus removed has its system of mechanical and perhaps of organic processes going on upon its surface. But the arrangements of organic life which we can see with the naked eye are few, compared with those which the microscope detects. We know that we may magnify objects thousands of times, and still discover fresh complexities of structure; if we suppose, therefore, that we increase every particle of matter in our universe in such a proportion, in length, breadth, and thickness, we may conceive that we tend thus to bring before our apprehension a true estimate of the quantity of organized adaptations which are ready to testify the extent of the Creator's power."

We give another as a fair specimen of the style of reasoning adopted by Mr. Whewell:—

"The person whose mind is employed in reducing to law and order and intelligible cause the complex facts of the material world, is compelled to look beyond the present state of his knowledge, and to turn his thoughts to the existence of principles higher than those which he yet possesses. He has seen occasions when facts that at first seemed incoherent and anomalous were reduced to rule and connexion; and when limited rules were discovered to be included in some rule of superior generality. He knows that all facts and appearances, all partial laws, however casual they at present seem, must still, in reality, have this same kind of bearing and dependence—must be bound together by some undiscovered principle of order—must proceed from some cause working by most steady rules—must be included in some wide and fruitful general truth. He cannot therefore consider any principles which he has already obtained as the ultimate and sufficient reason of that which he sees. There must be some higher principle, some ulterior reason. The effort and struggle by which he endeavours to extend his view, makes him feel that there is a region of truth not included in his present physical knowledge; the very imperfection of the light in which he works his way suggests to him that there must be a source of clearer illumination at a distance from him."

In conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying that the present is one of the best works of its kind, and admirably adapted to the end proposed: and as such, we cordially recommend it to our readers.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PURPLE.—B. Bizio, who has, for several years past, been employed in chemical experiments to restore the ancient purple in all its original excellency, has lately published a small work, called *La Porpora rinvenuta entro i confini del Russo*; in which he endeavors to prove, that the name of purple was applied by the ancients only to the red colour in its various gradations. The illustrations of Virgil's *Georgics* by the late German poet Voss confirm his hypothesis.—*Id.*

The earlier incidents of the revolution,—the high-toned patriotic declarations,—the stern determination

A copy, Sir, for yourself in acknowledgement for your personal kindness.

At Philadelphia, on the 3d, Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., Editor of the "United States Gazette," to Mrs. Maria H., daughter of M. Benjamin Jones—all of that day.

NOTICE.
WHO discharge from Duty, pursuant to the Revised

editors to appear before the Honorable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. June 29 1866.

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NEW YORK.

and John C. Chiersohn, M.D. June 6-10

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